HAY'S EXPRESS BILL

To Have a Ton of Coal Delivered Cost Him $10

HASN'T SEEN BILL YET

When He Does He Will Urge Anti Trust Legislation.

Lake Sunapee, N. H., July 19.—The ways and means of the summer cottager are sources of constant surprise to the natives of the lake region. The family of Secretary of State John Hay, however, discounted anything known here for many a year by ordering coal sent by express. Someone in the Hay household bought a ton of coal for $8 and it cost $10 to get it from Windsor, Vt., to the Sunapee station, making the total expense of one ton of coal $18. Inasmuch as the express company is under obligations to deliver goods at the door, Mr. Hay's coal was hauled to the "Fells."

It is not supposed that Mr. Hay has been informed of this transaction, because he was in Washington when the coal was purchased. When he sees the bill for $18 for one ton of coal he is very likely to feel like advising President Roosevelt to hurry the anti-trust measure along as rapidly as possible.

The family of the secretary opened their summer place on the shores of Lake Sunapee early in June. It was cold, and Mrs. Hay wished the steam heater put in action. But there was no coal in the bin. A member of the Hay household undertook to supply the necessity and asked a villager where he could get some.

"How much do you want, a couple of shovelfuls?" was the query.

"No. I want a ton, at least."

"There hasn't been any coal around here since it went up, and I don't know how you can get it. If you wanted to buy a diamond, we might help you out."

It is forty miles from here to Concord, and the obliging station agent telegraphed down the line, but could not find any coal for sale anywhere nearer than the capital.

"See if you can find any coal north of here," was the request of the seeker after the high-priced fuel.

The operator inquired of the coal men at Sunapee, Newport and Claremont without success. A charitably inclined person at Claremont proffered the information that he had recently seen some coal at Windsor, Vt. He thought that Mr. Hay's folks, if they hustled, might get some of the prized chunks.

So a telephone message was sent to Jas. H. Kiniry, at Windsor, anxiously inquiring if the rumor that he had some coal and he was willing to sell were authentic. There was great glee in the Hay household when word came back that Mr. Kiniry had coal and would sell it.

"Dear, good, kind Mr. Kiniry, will you please send us a ton right off by express?" pleaded a feminine voice.

"By what!" exclaimed the coal man.

"Why, by express, if you please," was the hesitating reply.

Mr. Kiniry sought the local agent for the American Express company at Windsor, Vt., which town is about thirty miles from Sunapee by rail.

"I want to send a ton of coal by your company to Secretary Hay's place," said Kiniry.

"We haven't got a safe big enough to hold a ton," said the express man. "Are you afraid that it would be lost in transit unless you make an express company liable for its safe delivery?"

"Those were my instructions," said the coal man. "By express they said, and by express that coal goes, safe or no safe."

The result was that Kiniry put up a ton of coal very nicely in bags, sealing each bag and tagging it for "John Hay, the Fells, Sunapee, N. H."

The coal occupied the biggest part of the baggage car on a passenger train to the amazement and disgust of the train express messenger.

At Claremont Junction each bag was transferred to a passenger train on the Concord & Claremont branch. The expressman receipted for one ton of coal in bags and weighed it to be sure that the charges were not too low.

The express agent at Lake Sunapee station did some weighing and then delivered the coal, after some exertion and some display of temper, at the doorstep of John Hay's home.

"How much is the expressage?"

"The charge is ten dollars," said the expressman.

"How much?"

"Just ten dollars."

"Does that pay for the coal too?"

"No. That only pays for getting it here. It's a good thing for the company, ain't it?"

"Yes, and I guess Mr. Hay is the thing," replied the equally appreciative hired man of the Hay household, as he handed out the amount of the charge.

"It's much cheaper if you send it by freight," said the expressman, sympathetically.

In due time this expensive ton of coal was consumed in the house-heating plant and two days ago Mr. Kiniry's telephone bell rang and this conversation followed:

"Is this Kiniry?"

"Yep."

"This is Secretary Hay's house; send down a ton of coal right off."

"By express?"

"Not on your life! By freight."

Washington, July 18.—Secretary Hay left Washington today for his summer vacation which he will pass at his home in New Hampshire. He leaves the business of the department in good order and three assistants, Secretary Mr. Hill, Mr. Adee and Mr. Pierce, will be on duty during his absence.

SCENES AT CIRCUS DOOR

How Some People Try to Get Admission Free.

Those people who enjoy a study in human nature could find ample opportunity to read character if they would mingle with the circus crowd either at the entrance or inside.

Have you ever been caught in a big jam at the entrance of a circus? Perhaps you have, but probably not one of the readers has ever faced the crowd at a circus door. It is a sight not on the bills and not enjoyed by all who look out from the ropes upon a restless sea of human faces turned toward the entrance. As the moments pass the mass becomes more compact, at the same time enlarging, while the thousands of upturned countenances betray the eagerness and determination of the individuals to get into the show, if it takes all day.

The circus door and the ballot box are alike in that those who pass by are for the time being upon a level. There are no favorites. Jew and Gentile, Christian and agnostic, rich and poor, proud and humble, foreign and native born, educated and ignorant, old and young, capitalists and laborers, officials and citizens, honest and dishonest people, all brush elbows at the circus door. The ticket takers see before them a solid mass of people who have for the moment unconsciously obeyed the scriptural injunction "to become as little children."

It is not alone the crowd and the faces that furnishes entertainment for the door man. Every day hundreds of people try to beat the circus, and it is amusing to notice the devices and tricks to which people resort to gain admission free. The nerve of some such people excels the nerve of the celebrated Silverton trio, one of the great features with the Wallace show, while the persistence of others is only equalled by the patience and persistence of the men who train the goats, sheep, pigs, elephants and donkeys which perform daily under the Wallace tent.

It is not the children who try to beat their way in, but it is the older folks. Some try it to be smart, others do it for fun, while others do it to save the paltry price of admission. A stranger would be surprised that those who endeavor to beat their way are generally well dressed and are often accompanied by well dressed ladies. Of course, the vast majority of the thousands who visit the big circus like Wallace's daily do so because they know that they will see a first class show and they cheerfully pay for the privilege and pleasure, and such people always look with disdain upon those who attempt to work the door man.

The most common trick is that of carrying children in arms. Many a child is never carried in its father's arms except on circus day. There is something about the small price of a circus ticket that makes the father suddenly wish that his children would not grow so fast. When within about fifty feet of the circus door he may be seen to stoop over and shoulder his 14-year-old son or daughter, for whom he has not purchased a ticket, being perfectly confident by so doing he will save 25 cents. He jostles through the crowd, holding his two tickets for his wife and himself in readiness for the door man, as he is anxious to make his "get-away" before the ticket man looks up. The sharp eyes of the door tenders are quick and the man hears these polite remarks: "Put it down. It can walk," or "Let us see if it can crawl," or "Is the young lady sick; or "When was she married?" Those behind hear the pointed questions of the ticket man and immediately a smile steals over their faces. The mortified father pays 25 cents and the child suddenly becomes able to walk.

Professor Kerslake, who has the trained pigs with the Wallace show, has been accused of keeping a tight strap around his youngest pig to keep it small. It will not be surprising if some enterprising father will do the same with his child just to beat the circus.

Some people are perfectly willing to tell little "white fibs" about the age of the child even in the presence of the liar. They don't seem to think such untruths count. Some folks will write out a fake pass, while others wil buy a side show ticket for ten cents and then declare that they bought it at the ticket wagon and insist on being admitted, saying at the same time, that if they are not admitted "I'll get the marshal and have you all arrested."

The same scenes on a smaller scale are repeated at the reserved seat entrances, except with one additional bluff. Every day a few people will tell the reserved seat man "I had a reserved seat check, but the door man kept it." Which is another little "white fib."

The fact is, a big three ring circus like the Wallace show has a perfect system of auditing its tickets, just as a bank keeps track of its drafts and checks. Mistakes are not as frequent concerning circus tickets as many might suppose. It is the aim to conduct the show honorably and if a mistake has actually been made, either with money or ticket, it is always cheerfully rectified.

Since the great Wallace show has grown to be the foremost circus of the world in point of real merit and exclusive and original features, it has become expensive to the management. While it costs several thousand dollars daily those who attempt to beat the show seem to forget that it costs a goodly sum to conduct such an enterprise and that the management depends entirely upon the legitimate sale of tickets to meet the enormous daily expenses.

Visitors to the show lot and those who see the parade or circus will appreciate the magnitude of this popular show and the necessity of the door man insisting upon all thosee whoshould pay doing so. If the Wallace show is not worth the price of admission then there has never been one worth seeing.

For many seasons America has seen high wire acts galore, some of which were very creditable. All who will for the first time see the renowned Silverton trio this season wil behold a revelation of high wire acting. Within the pale of the performance of the Silvertons all other wire acting fades into insignificance. As Washington's monument towers above the ordinary tombstone, so far superior is the Silverton act to all other inferior acts.

Two men yoked together, walking in tandem style on the ground and carrying a girl perched on one foot, standing upright on the yoke between the two men, would be a creditable act. By imagination transfer the act to a slender thread of wire, and if the reader's imaginative powers are good, he or she will have some conception of the wonderful work of the Silverton trio.

Two men, about seven feet apart, walk in tandem style on the almost invisible wire,between them is a small round pole, smaller than a broomstick. This is fastened to the necks of the men, and a girl mounts the pole. There she balances on one foot while the men supporting the little stick on which she stands carry her back and forth, themselves walking on a fine strand of wire stretched across the arena.

This will positively be seen with the Wallace show, and it is only a single instance of half a hundred that might be described, showing the steady nerve of the Silverton trio.

Such a hazardous feat of balancing was never before successfully accomplished. Any student of nature can easily demonstrate that the difficulty of maintaining a perfect equilibrium in such an act is twenty times greater than any other poising act heretofore ever seen. So graceful, neat and perfect is the indescribable aerial work of the Silverton trio that though it is extremely sensational and unusually dangerous, it is also entertaining and pleasing, having only the most pleasant effects upon the spectators as well as upon the performers.

Guthrie, O. T., July 18.—Mrs. C. F. Collins is making inquiries as to the whereabouts of her husband. They started from Kansas to Shawnee. At Winfield Collins left the train and has not been seen since that time.

POKER IS POPULAR

Said to Be the American National Game

MORGAN DISLIKES IT

What Experts Have to Say of the Game.

While idling upon the deck of an ocean steamship recently, the attention of a group of voyagers, comprising several prominent Americans and two English baronets, was directed to the fact that no less than a dozen passengers were deeply engrossed in books relating to bridge whist. Whereupon the merits of that fascinating game were discussed, and differing answers made to the question as to whether it would retain, by virtue of inherent worth, its present extraordinary popularity. The most interesting point, however, was reached when Sir Edward Colebrook wondered whether it was quite patriotic for Americans to dislodge their famous national game. "Meaning draw poker?" ejeculated Mr. Morgan.

"That is not a game characteristic of the American people. It never was. It never will be. It is a bad game. It is based upon a lie. The man who has the greatest capacity for deceit wins. To become a strong player he studies to develop the most ignoble and most un-American faculty. The effect upon boys is to make them think deceit and bluff are smart and essential to success in work as well as in play. It is an iniquitous game and ought to be abolished. Nothing could be more foreign to American ideas. The man who labelled it our typical national game ought to be shot. I never heard it referred to by that term without wanting to shoot him."—From Harper's Weekly July 5, 1902.

New York, July 19.—The New York World prints the following:

The Question is, did Mr. Morgan know what he was talking about.

Is it a fact that poker is a bad game That it is based upon a lie?

That its effect upon boys is to make them deceive and bluff?

That the man who labelled it our typical national game ought to be shot?

And does Mr. Morgan's conception of the game as one in which the percentage of deceit or "bluff" reaches almost the one hundred mark indicate that he is the proper person to aanalyze it, who might be expected to clutch greedily at the slightest admission by an American that any American institution was not everything that it should be.

Is it not a fact that the only "bluffers" in poker are foolish and inexperienced men whose chief characteristics are self-consciousness and a desire to pose theatrically, and women who cannot bear the thought that a single stake should escape fro mthem without a struggle—and that these men and women invariably lose?

Is it not also a fact that the "sure winner" type of man at poker is the stolid, plegmatic individual who sits quietly behind his hand and lets "the other fellow" do the bluffing.

These and kindred questions are so important in any consideration of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's attack on poker that the Sunday World Magazine has invited experts on the game throughout the country to contribute their ideas on the subject to its columns, with the following result:

James Wakely ,one of New York's most frequently quoted authorities on games of chance.— "You'd think Morgan had been playing with thieves, but I suppose the truth is that he doesn't know much about the game. Among honest people it is the finest game in the world. You know that if you put a lot of disreputable persons to playing croquet they would bring odium to that game.

Poker is essentially a gentleman's game. It is esteemed in the highest circles of society by both men and women, and as years pass it grows in favor.

In the first place, poker is to the brain and mind what physical exercise is to the body. It awakens the dulest mind and and gives it activity.

Instead of ridiculing ignoble traits, it teaches man self-restraint, caution, fairness, coolness how to lose gracefully and ho wto win magnanimously. Of course if a man is naturally petty and mean or dishonest poker will draw his ugly traits to the surface, but is poker to be blamed for that?

I do not know of anything better than poker by which to gauge a man's character quickly, and you may be sure that one who plays poker with wisdom, daring, with fairness and cheerfulness, is to be trusted in greater things.

If you want to find out whether a man is grasping, unfair, cowardly and unmainly, get him into a stiff poker game and he will soon tell the story in his playing. On the other hand, all of the best of human qualities are brought out as the cards go round.

I do not know of any better schooling for women than poker. It broadens their minds and takes from some of them many of the petty characteristics with which some of them are justly charged.

I have known women who were mercenary to a pitiful degree when they first began playing poker, who grew hot or cold as their playing ran good or bad, and whose hopes and fears could be read in their faces every moment, to become generous, dispassionate and pleasing, meeting disaster cheerfully and winning as though they hated to take the money.

I tell you that Mr. Morgan is wrong, and that he has libelled the most noble and interesting game of cards in the world.

"Bat" Masterson, famous New York and Western card-player—I must take issue with Mr. Morgan. If draw poker i snot an American game, what is it? If an American doesn't employ deceit to sell a gold brick, who does?

J. Pierpont Morgan is not an exception. Most gamblers start out by learning the game of draw poker. To play poker successfully requires a man of steady nerve who is full or resources and has an active brain.

If you haven't got them, keep out of poker. It is essentially an American game. I never yet met a foreigner who could play poker unless he learned it here.

"Honest" John Kelly—There is no more deceit in draw poker than there is in rigging the stock market. Give me as much money as Morgan had made in Wall street and I'll call golf a devil's game and ping-pong a crime.

George Considine, bookmaker and owner of Hotel Metropole—It has not always deceitful to win at poker. To be a good poker player a man must be a judge of human nature. Some of our best people play poker. They do nothing dishonest; they simply enjoy the game. Mike Kelley was one of our greatest ball players, but because he was a cunning player is no reason he should be called deceitful. He was simply smarter than his opponent.

Col. "Bob" Wood, a noted poker expert of Chicago—Mr. Morgan is wrong. Poker for smal stakes, say from 1 0cents to two dollars limit, is universally played in society and homes by women and men. Now, that kind of poker is not a bluffing game. Nearly every bet is called. It is simply matching cards, and the luckiest person gets the money.

In professional games the limit is scarcely ever above $5, and to win you have to have the hands. It is only in a party of rich men, who are usually poor poker players, and where the table stakes are played, that bluffing is indulged in.

What does Mr. Morgan do with the stock market and with the coal strikers but play a bluffing game? He is a "sure thing game," that only skin gamblers play. With his vast wealth he can put stocks up or down, and the man who plays against him is up against "loaded" dice.

Charles Walters, of Chicago, proprietor of the Marborough Club—The man who makes a practice of bluffing at poker will lose all his money. If the limit is high enough a bluff in the right place sometimes goes through. It depends on the draw. One-card draws are dangerous. Poker is not a bluffing game. It is a game where intuition, judgment of character and boldness are necessary to success.

Bernard Layton, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and one of the most skilful poker players in Washington—I think Mr. Morgan errs when he says poker is not the great American game and when he says it is all bluff. Of course, bluff is a great essential, but there are many other things that count. There is the ability to size up your opponent and his hand, to calculate on the chances of the draw, to accomodate your draw to the circumstances of the moment and to work out your salvation against the other fellows with the cards that are thrown to you.

Bluff is all right, but the ability to know what is bluff and what is not the real secret of poker playing. As for poker being an American game, I am free to confess that I do not know what else it is. It is universally played.

It originated in this country. It occupies the attention of more people than any other game of cards and it is better fun. Those facts ought to give it its diploma.

Col. "Ike" Hill, Democratic whip in the House and celebrated poker expert—If a man had Morgan's money, poker or anything else he might engage in would be a game of bluff and that is all. You can take a roll of money big enough to trip a greyhound and lay it on the table and win with a seven high.

That, however, isn't poker. It is highway robbery. Poker, in a game where each of the players is about equally provided with chips or the wherewithal to get them, is a scientific contest where the man who knows most about the characteristics of the other players and the value of cards and the chances to get them, cashes in the chips. As for it not being American, it is an American a athe Fourth of July, and about as predominant.

"Cole" Martin, expert card player in Washington from the time of Henry Clay—We played poker with them all, and I want to say to you that the man who gets the money isnt' the man who bluffs, but the man who plays a steady, consistent game and bets 'em when he has 'em. You hear stories about men who get big pots on small pairs by bluffing, but the man who has an average of aces up is the chap I want to back. He can play with my money. Of course poker is the American national game.

Chester A. Brown, of Butte, Mont., and known all over the west at "Poker" Brown—I don't know whether Morgan knows poker when he sees it or not; but I call it the greatest American game of science as well as bluff. If Morgan thinks it is all a bluff, I would like to sit with him in the game for a few bones. I think I could convince him that there was some science in it. Of course it is also a bluff game, and I win that way sometimes when my science fails me, yet I think successful bluffing is itself a science.

"Ed" J. Graves, of Lexington, Ky., racing man and poker expert—Morgan is wrong. Poker is certainly the American game as much so as whist is English and pinochle German. As regards bluffing, the man who pursues this course in his poker playing is sure to go broke in the game. Small or large stakes, it is just the same, since after all men regard money as of very little value when thoroughly interested in a game of cards. The biggest bluff I ever saw resulted disastrously to the distinguished man who made it.

PAIR OF JACKS WON $5,000.

A poker game was played in the Butte Hotel within the past week in which four prominent business men were engaged. The ante was $25 and a jackpot was opened with four in. Brown opened for $100 with a pair of jacks.

Two players dropped out. Jones remained and played back for $200. Brown raised it to $300 before the draw and then called for three cards. Jones drew one. Brown passed, and Jones, who had about $5,000 in front of him, tapped his opponent for al he had, amounting to $901. Brown was satisfied that Jones was bluffing and called him, and pulled down $5,000 on his pair of jacks. Jones had drawn to a bobtail flush and missed it.

BOB FLUSH LOST $2,500.

In a game some years ago in this city Henry C. White, now a prominent insurance agent, and ex-Congressman W. C. Owens, now practicing law in Louisville, were the players. After the draw, White taking two cards and Owens one, the former bet the latter $500. Owens raised White $1,000 and White called the bet with three deuces. The ex-Congressman only had a bobtail and White, of course, raked in the money.

One night last fall Speaker Henderson, Representatives Beidler and Nevin, of Ohio; Senator Mitchell and one or two others sat down for a game of friendly poker at Representative Beidler's house.

They were playing all jackpots, and during the evening there came in a time when the Speaker was next to the dealer and opened for the limit, which was not very large. Nevin dropped out, and so did Senator Mitchell. Beidler raised and the Speaker raised back. They see-sawed for a time. Finally, the Speaker just saw the last raise and they drew. The Speaker took two cards.

Quick as a flash Beidler asked for two cards also. The Speaker made a modest bet. Beidler raised it to the limit, and then they went at it hammer and tongs. When all the chips and nearly all the money in sight was on the table, the Speaker refused to call, threw down three fives and said: "Oh, pshaw, take it away. I've only got three little fives."

Whereupon Beidler solemnly turned over his hand and showed three hearts and two black cards and raked in the pot. That, the wiseacres say, is the only time anybody ever bluffed "Dave" Henderson.

They tell a story of a game at Chamberlin's old place where Roscoe Conkling was pitted against James P. Jones, Senator from Nevada, and a hefty poker player. There were others in the game, but history does not record their names.

The limit was big. It was very big, in fact. There came a time when Conkling imperiously raised before the draw and was as imperiously raised back by Jones.

They bet until the eye of the other players bulged out. Then they drew cards.

"I shall have three," said Conkling.

"Also," said Jones.

They began betting again. It was a sight for gods and men. Finally Jones said: "I call."

Conkling curled over his hand. "I have a pair of deuces, I believe. Yes, a close examination of my hand shows me that the extreme limit is a pair of deuces."

"Mine are deuces, also," said Jones. "What's your next card?"

Conkling's high car was a ten-spot and it won the pot. Jones was a nine-spot.

WON $[illegible] ON ACES UP.

Jim Cleary, the Chicago bookmaker, called a bluff for $5,000 in Canfield's Saratoga club-house not long ago. There was $15,000 in the pot. The man who made the pot, a New Orleans merchant, took one card and "tapped" himself. O'Leary took one card to aces up, called and won.

The biggest bluff ever known in the west was made in the early seventies in St. Louis. A noted commander of southern troops bet a row of six two-story buildings on the north side of Olive street, between Eleventh and Twelfth. They were put in at $60,000.

Gen. James A. Dorris called it and won the row. The other General gave title the next day, and the row was ever after known as Poker Row, and was so scheduled in the Dorris estate when the General died.

HIS FEE IN NICKELS

Heart-Breaking Experience of a Young Lawyer.

"Four drinks," said the cheerful young lawyer whose shingle has been out only since January, "will be forty cents. So there go eight of 'em."

"Now, if any of you three want car fare money in exchange for bills I'm in the money changing business and I need the bills, so step up. Incidentally, I may say that the meanest corporation in business in this city is a certain railway company, and I've just been up against it."

The cheerful young lawyer produced a handful of nickels from a bulging pocket, tendered eight to the waiter, with two over for good measure, and slapped more pockets which also bulged. The pockets jingled.

"You see," he explained, "Bill Smith, who's my dad's head clerk, was cooling off his panama by holding it out the car window when going across the bridge the other day and a pole broke his arm. In due time he sent me up against the company.

"Of course they hadn't any business to have a pole in the way of a gentleman's arm, and equally of course, Bill Smith hadn't any right to presume that he could ride with his arm outside the car. The company only contracts to carry its passengers with all of 'em inside.

"So it being a very nice legal point which might get to a sympathetic jury and might not, when the company offered Bill $100 worth of satisfaction I advised him to take it, and he did. Then I went up to collect the money.

"The company's claim department was at the far end of the line, of course, ...so's to make it hard for claimants to get at.

"I expected that, and I don't say anything about the fun [illegible] and the valuable time I spent in getting out there to collect Bill Smith's hundred and coming back. But I do object to that company's way of doing business in other respects.

"When I got there the man in charge of the claim payments coolly offered me a check for [illegible] and asked for the change. I explained that I wouldn't be in this business if I carried the loose change. [illegible] grinned and said he'd fix me up another way if I'd wait, and he disappeared.

"When he came back he produced $[illegible] in very greasy small bills and $[illegible] in nickels. I think he'd been out to the company and held up the fare [illegible] he got enough.

"Anyway, he turned the bundle over to me, gave me a newspaper to wrap it in and left me to run. When I got to Bill Smith he took the paper money and left me the [illegible] in nickels for my share."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

[illegible] Snaggs—"My boy, isn't the [illegible] next corner a Chinese gentleman?" Mrs. Snaggs—"No, indeed! He calls for car [illegible]."